THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 6, 1807.

LAST MOMENTS *of* LORD NELSON!

DR. BEATTY, surgeon of the Victory, has recently published a concise, but very interesting and satisfactory account of the last moments of the life of the illustrious Lord Nelson. The following are the more important parts of Dr. Beatty's "Authentic Narrative."

"From the Redoubtable it was that Nelson received his mortal wound. About fifteen minutes past one o'clock (which was in the heat of the engagement), while walking the quarter-deck with Captain Hardy, and turning the hatchway, with his face towards the stern of the Victory, the fatal ball was fired from the enemy's mizen-top, which, as the two ships were lying on board of each other, was brought just abaft, and rather below the Victory's main-yard: the ball struck the epaulette on his lordship's left shoulder, and penetrated his chest. He fell with his face on the deck! Captain Hardy, who was on his right, on turning-round, saw the serjeant-major (Secker) of marines, with two seamen, raising him from the deck, where he had fallen on the same spot on which his own secretary had just before breathed his last. Captain H. expressing a hope that he was not severely wounded, 'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' replied Nelson. 'I hope not,' observed the former. 'Yes,' said Nelson, 'my back bone is shot through.'

"While the men were carrying him down the ladder from the middle deck, his lordship observed that the tiller-ropes were not yet replaced; and desired a midshipman to go upon the quarter-deck, and remind Captain Hardy of that circumstance, and request that new ones should be immediately rove. He now took his handkerchief from his pocket, and covered his

face with it, that he might be conveyed to the cock-pit, at this crisis, unnoticed by the crew!

"Several wounded officers, and about forty men, were carried for surgical assistance just at this time; and others had breathed their last during their removal from the scene of action. The surgeon had examined two officers (Lieutenant William Andrew Ram, and Mr. Whipple, the captain's clerk), and pronounced them to be dead, when his attention was arrested by several of the wounded calling to him—'Mr. Beatty, Lord Nelson is here; Mr. Beatty, the admiral is wounded!" On looking round, Mr. Beatty saw the handkerchief fall from his lordship's face, when the stars on his coat, which it had hitherto covered, appeared.

"Himself and Mr. Burke (the purser) ran instantly to his lordship, and took him from the arms of the seamen who had carried him below. Lord Nelson now enquired who were supporting him, and being informed, replied—'Ah, Mr. Beatty! *you* can do nothing for *me*. I have but a short time to live: my back is shot through.' Beatty said, he hoped the wound was not so dangerous as his lordship imagined, and that he might still survive long to enjoy his glorious victory! The Rev. Dr. Scott, coming now to his lordship, in the anguish of grief wrung his hands, and said, 'Alas, Beatty, how prophetic you were!' alluding to the apprehensions expressed by the latter, previous to the battle, for Lord Nelson's safety.

"While the attendants were stripping him of his clothes, in order to cover him with a sheet and lay him on a bed, his lordship said to Dr. Scott. 'Doctor, I told you so. Doctor, I am gone! And, after a short pause, he added, in a low voice, 'I have to leave Lady Hamilton, and my adopted daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country.' It was soon ascertained, that the ball had penetrated deep into his lordship's chest, and had probably lodged in the spine. This being explained to him, he again asserted that he was confident his back was shot through. No injury, however, was externally perceptible on this part; and his lordship was therefore requested to describe his sensations. He answered, that he felt a gush of blood, every minute, within his breast: that he had no feeling in the lower part of his body; and that his breathing was difficult, and was attended with very severe pain about that part of the spine where he was confident the ball had struck—'For,' said he 'I felt it break my back.' Notwithstanding these symptoms, the real state of his lordship was communicated by Mr. Beatty to a select few only, 'till the defeat of the enemy's fleets was decided.

"He felt great satisfaction on hearing the shouts of the Victory's crew, who cheered whenever they observed an enemy's ship surrender. He became excessively thirsty, and frequently

quently called for drink, and to be fanned with paper, crying ' Fan, fan, drink, drink!' This exclamation he continued to repeat 'till within a very few minutes before he expired. He constantly evinced great solicitude for the event of the battle, and for the safety of Captain Hardy. Mr. Burke having assured him that the enemy were decisively defeated, and hoping that his lordship would still live to be himself the bearer of the joyful tidings to his country, ' It is nonsense, Mr. Burke,' replied the admiral, ' to suppose I can live: my sufferings are great; but they will all soon be over.' Dr. Scott entreated his lordship not to despair of living; and added, that he trusted divine providence would restore him once more to his dear country and friends!—' Ah, doctor,' replied his lordship, ' it is all over; it is all over.'

" Frequently though he exclaimed ' Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed; he is surely destroyed!" Such were the circumstances in which the fleet was placed, that an hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time of his lordship's being wounded, before Captain Hardy's subsequent interview with him! They now shook hands affectionately, and Nelson said—' Well, Hardy, how goes the battle? how goes the day with us?' ' Very well, my lord,' rejoined Hardy: ' we have got twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships in our possession; but five of their van have tacked, and shew an intention of bearing down upon the Victory. I have therefore called two or three of our fresh ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.' ' I hope,' observed Nelson, ' none of our ships have struck, Hardy!'—' No, my lord,' replied Captain Hardy, ' there is no fear of that!' Lord Nelson then said, ' I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Pray let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Captain H. intimating he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life,—' Oh, no!' answered his lordship ' it is impossible: my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Captain Hardy returned on deck.

" By Lord Nelson's request, Mr. Beatty quitted him, in order to attend to the wounded. Returning shortly after, ' Ah, Mr. Beatty,' said his lordship, ' I have sent for you to say (what I forgot to tell you before) that all power of motion or feeling below my breast is gone; and you,' continued he ' very well know I can live but a short time.' ' My lord,' replied the surgeon, ' you told me so before:' but the extremities were now examined, when his lordship added, ' Ah, Beatty! I am too certain of it; Scott and Burke have tried it already. You know I am gone.' Mr. Beatty now said, ' My lord, unhappily for our country, nothing can be done for you!" His lordship

answered, ' I know it. I feel something rising in my left breast (putting his hand on his left side) which tells me I am gone.' Drink was administered to him plentifully, and Dr. Scott and Mr. Burke fanned him with paper. During these attentions he often exclaimed—' God be praised! I have done my duty.' Upon enquiry, whether his pain was still very great? he declared it continued so severe, that he wished he was dead. ' Yet,' said he, in a lower voice, ' one would like to live a little longer, too;' and, after a short pause of a few minutes, he added, ' What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!' At length Captain Hardy came to pay his second and final visit to Lord Nelson, who was now given over by his surgeon. He again shook hands with his dying friend, and congratulated him on his brilliant victory, which (he observed) was complete, though he did not know how many of the enemy were captured: he was certain, however, of fourteen or fifteen having surrendered. Lord Nelson replied ' That is well; but I bargained for twenty.' And then, emphatically, he exclaimed ' Anchor, Hardy! anchor!' ' I suppose, my lord,' said Captain H. ' Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs.' ' Not while I live, I hope, Hardy!' cried the dying Nelson; and endeavoured, at that moment, to raise himself from his bed!!—' No,' added he, ' do *you* anchor, Hardy.' ' Shall we make the signal?' asked Captain H. ' Yes,' replied his lordship, ' for if I live, I'll anchor.' This was uttered with energetic emotion, accompanied with several efforts to raise himself up.

" These exertions appear to have thrown him into a state of exhaustion; and he shortly after declared to Captain Hardy, that he felt in a few minutes he should be no more—adding, in a faint voice, ' Don't throw me overboard, Hardy!' Oh! no, certainly not:' answered Captain H. ' Then,' rejoined his lordship, alluding to some wishes expressed by him to Captain H. respecting the place of his interment, ' you know what to do. And,' continued the departing chief, ' take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy! take care of poor Lady Hamilton! Kiss me, Hardy! Captain H. immediately knelt down, and kissed his cheek; when his lordship said ' Now, I am satisfied. Thank God! I have done my duty!' After he had stood a minute or two in silent contemplation, Captain Hardy again knelt down, and kissed his lordship's forehead. ' Who is that?' enquired his lordship. ' It is Hardy,' said Captain H. To this his lordship replied ' God bless you, Hardy!' Captain Hardy then returned to the quarter-deck, having spent about eight minutes in this his last interview with Lord Nelson.

" Being, by his own desire, turned on his right side, his lordship said ' I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone,'

gone.' He afterwards became very low; his breathing was oppressed, and his voice faint. He now said to Dr. Scott, 'I have not been a great sinner!' and, after a short pause, 'Remember!—that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country: and,' added he, 'never forget Horatia!' His thirst now encreased; and he called 'Drink, drink; fan, fan; rub, rub;' addressing himself, in the last case, to Dr. Scott, who had relieved him by rubbing his breast with his hand. Every now and then, but with evident encrease of pain, he made a greater effort to speak; and he pronounced distinctly these last words—'Thank God! I have done my duty!' This sentiment he continued to repeat as long as he was able to give it utterance.

"His lordship became speechless in about fifteen minutes after Captain Hardy left him.* When he had been speechless about five minutes, the surgeon (Mr. Beatty) repaired again to him, and found him on the verge of dissolution. He knelt down by his side, and took up his hand, which was cold, and the pulse gone from the wrist. On feeling his forehead, which was also cold, his lordship opened his eyes, looked up, and shut them again! Mr. Beatty had not quitted, once more, quite five minutes, when the steward announced that 'he believed his lordship had expired.' This report, Mr. Beatty found was but too well founded. Lord Nelson had breathed his last at thirty minutes past four o'clock in the afternoon; at which time Dr. Scott was in the act of rubbing his lordship's breast, and Mr. Burke supporting the bed under his shoulders.

"From the time of Lord Nelson's being wounded, 'till his death, about two hours and forty-five minutes elapsed; but a knowledge of the decisive victory which was gained, he acquired of Captain Hardy within the first hour and a quarter of this period. A partial cannonade, however, was still maintained, in consequence of the enemy's running ships passing the British at different points. The last distant guns which were fired at their van ships, that were making off, were heard a minute or two before his lordship expired!"

Here terminates Dr. Beatty's account of the last moments of Lord Nelson.

* Dr. Scott and Mr. Burke all along sustained the bed under Lord Nelson's shoulders, which raised him in nearly a semi-recumbent posture; the only position that was supportable to him.

Singular Instance of Longevity in a Family.

THERE are at present living in the parish of Loudoun, in the county of Ayr, in Scotland, four brothers and a sister, of

of the name of Campbell, who are all cotters or vassals, under the countess of Loudoun and Moira, whose ages when put together amount to "three hundred and eighty-six years." And it is singular, that the whole of them have ever been distinguished and marked in the parish as people of quiet and peaceable tempers, and of an honest and upright character.

THE RING,

A Moral Tale.

By the Authoress of the Occasional Essays.

(Continued from Page 248.)

THE return of his lordship silenced, for a time, the loquacity of Mrs. Dowlas. The beaus stood all prepared and ready to shoot off their best dancing bows; the misses bridled up, adjusted their dress, exhibited a grand display of the remaining fans, by a general flirt; simpered, giggled, and called forth every charm of complacency, as *they* imagined, to attract his lordship's notice, but all in vain; this latter display of ignorance and affectation passed as unheeded by him as their former insults, and even the low *bob* curtsy of Madam Dowlas, who had set herself in prim form, for the compliment, lost its effect, at least on the earl, though it provoked the risible in the rest of the company, and ended in extreme mortification to herself. In order to make amends for her former rudeness, she made her bob so extremely low, and with such profound reverence, that her joints stiffened with age, and incumbered with flesh, lost the balance of power, and could not easily recover again an erect position; and losing the poise of exact equilibrium, her broad shoulders, staggering, came in contact with a waiter's elbow, who was conveying a glass of negus to one of the company; the glass was thrown down, broke, and the contents spilt over a fine, rich, gaudy flowered gown. She bawled out—

"Why is the devil in the *fellor!* can't you see? here's a whole breadth of a spic and span *fire* new *gound*, that *costed* me sixteen shillings a yard, slopt like a dishclout with red *wined*, and I mought as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay as attempt to match the silk!"

The waiter endeavoured to apologise, but in vain.

"Don't talk to me *fellor*, I am not to be palavered over with any such flummery gab; when gentlefolks *comes* to such sort of places, and *pays* for what they *has*, they *expects* to be treated

like gentlefolks, and not tag, rag, and bob tail, with no more manners than one's bumfiddle. But I *knows* what I know, and who I am to thank for't. The *fellor* was set on. Now I *hates* spite; I *forgets* and *forgives*, and never was *cattish* in my life. Lords should dress like lords, and then gentlewomen would know how to *hact*. Every pig to his own stie, that's my *maxum*. *Howsomdever* I won't pay for the glass that's broke; I am fully *determ'd* the fellor shall do that out of his own pocket, that he may know how to treat his betters in future. I always *shews* good manners and *purliteness* wherever I *goes*, and was never *served* such a trick in my born days, no where. I *says* again the fellor was set on, and to come for to go to deny it, is all *my eye, Betty Martin!* An't I right, Miss Fardingale?"

Miss Fardingale, in spite of the artificial lilies and roses, (which the deep pits from the small-pox rendered more conspicuous) daubed on her face and bare neck, and the girlish fashion of her dress, appeared full fifty. She was awkwardly tall, large boned, and so extremely thin, that she had more the appearance of a covered skeleton, moving upon wires, than a living form. Her countenance too, not only bore the marks of many a gloomy year mispent, but disappointment and vexation had deeply imprinted *spite* in every furrow; and on her haggard brow sat despair enthroned, pointing to a life of "*single blessedness.*"

She bridled, pursed up her skinny lips, and assuming high dignity and consequence, thus replied:

"To be sure, me'em, people of fashion frequent such places, in expectation of meeting with people of fashion, and not to associate with a *mob*. For, as I conceive, and I keep no company but with people of fashion, that with people of fashion, there is a *concaturnation* of *ideras*. But I cannot again conceive that because some people do not deport themselves as some people ought, that other people have a right to be more offended than other people in company, who are people as good judges of propriety as any people, and people more used to the company of people of fashion than some people may chuse to allow. And again, me'em, I conceive, and indeed must take the liberty to inform you, as people of mean extraction, and vulgar education, *must* be informed, that such people will not be disturbed by certain other people inclined to *kick up a row* in their presence; for if those people are unacquainted with good breeding, and do not know how to express themselves in *elegant language*, like people of education, why people must be told."

How far the elegance of these two well-bred ladies might have carried them is uncertain, for a dance being called, the lively strains of the fiddles silenced the coarse strains of vulgarity, and restored the hilarity of the evening.

His

His lordship having apologised to our heroine for his detention, whilst he had disencumbered himself of his boots, and making some little change; the dance ending, led her out. The lovely girl tript light as a fairy queen, nor was her noble partner less an adept in the science, and both equally charmed with the performance of each other. Having finished two country dances, Maria took a turn to cool. His lordship hoped she was not fatigued?

"Not at all, my lord; I could dance for a whole evening, but the command of my father restrains me; he particularly objects to the exercise of country dancing, nor can I venture but on one more, or I shall offend him."

"Your father! madam, is that gentleman your father?"

"He is, my lord."

His lordship bowed, but made no comment.

Another dance was called, but our heroine's partner was totally changed. His lordship seemed to have lost his hearing, kept no time with the music, and was out at every turn. In short a tune of very different melody had got into his head, and opened a ball in his bosom, where his heart was dancing, in tumultuous extacy, to the tune of the dear girl unmarried, whose affections might be disengaged; and the sweet music of hope had so confused and put to flight every other strain, that his feet lost all scientific motion, whilst his heart alone capered to the harmony of love. It was a favourite dance of the lady's, who was not only much surprised, but really vexed; nor could she conceive what could have occasioned such a metamorphose in his lordship, who before had danced with such ease and elegance.

When the dance finished, the lady adhering to her former declaration of giving up dancing for the evening, the earl led her to her father, and, after handing her refreshments, seated himself now by the side of his fair partner. Every word, look, and action, spoke the most polite, respectful, and marked attention.

Truman was more and more charmed with his new acquaintance, and flattered himself with the hope that this accidental meeting might improve to intimacy. The earl's family mansion was but the distance of twenty miles from the house of Truman; his father died in his minority, and his lordship had returned before he had completed the grand tour to take possession of his estates; since which only two years had elapsed, and great part of that time had been taken up in visiting and inspecting an estate in Scotland, another in Wales, together with his English possessions, his lordship being a man of business, and looking into his affairs himself; it being said too, that some of his large possessions were involved through the prodigality of his ancestors, and though the present earl had a

right of contest, he conceived the claims just in point of equity, and was determined to liquidate them. Monies had been accumulating during the five years of his minority, and he had settled a fixed plan of economy 'till the whole should be free. These matters had become the subject of general conversation in the circle of Truman's intimates and friends; much eulogium and panegyric had been given to his lordship's many virtues; he therefore esteemed and respected, loved and revered the character of this amiable young man; the noble sentiments of whose mind and heart, and distinguished talents, added lustre to a long, illustrious line of ancestry, and dignity to his rank; gave a splendid pattern to his compeers, were an honour to nobility, and the admiration of the country at large. To this nobleman, Truman had long wished some circumstance might lead to a personal introduction, and rejoiced at the present happy event, that had so unexpectedly brought them together, and was determined, if possible, to improve it into intimacy; and even flattered himself, that time might meliorate that intimacy into friendship. But lest some of our readers might misconceive the idea, or mistake the basis on which so desirable a hope was formed, we must beg leave to bring to recollection, the many virtues of this truly noble-minded man. Truman possessed too much pride to sink his own consequence in any one act in which self-approbation would not have concurred. To adulate, or even to pay common attention to a haughty fool, coxcomb, or knave, dignified with a *title*, he would have considered inconsistent with the dignity of *man*; when *merit* in rags, would have claimed his applause, and have been honoured with every mark of esteem, respect, and approbation. It was not then his lordship's exalted rank, but exalted mind, his pre-eminence in virtue, that was the grand loadstone of attraction, and drew him, irresistibly, as to a soul congenial with his own. It was the man of *virtue* that he wished to call a friend, and between such souls, congenial friendship forms a chain, a link of which, never can be broken.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT *of* SIR HOME POPHAM's TRIAL.

(Continued from Page 245.)

"I Am charged too, with having left the Cape exposed to attack and insult. On the contrary, I maintain, that through the well-known zeal, ability, and judgment of Lieutenant-General Sir David Baird, the Cape of Good Hope was placed in a state of the most perfect security. The military dispositions of that distinguished officer were so judicious and

skilful, as to inspire the firmest confidence in a successful result, even under the supposition that an attempt should be made to wrest this conquest from the British forces, while his political arrangements gave the most general satisfaction to the inhabitants of every description. The garrison had been strengthened by a levy of native militia, and its means of defence were deemed so ample and adequate by Sir David Baird, whose opinion in such a case I considered myself justified in adopting, as he was the most competent judge in military affairs, that this intelligent officer did not hesitate to furnish a detachment of his gallant troops, in consequence of my submitting to him all the information I had received, respecting the defenceless state of Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, and my urgent representation to him of the great advantages which our country was likely to derive, particularly at so critical a period, from such a valuable acquisition as the conquest of one or both of those places.

"But if any additional proof were wanting of the perfect state of security in which Lieutenant-General Sir David Baird considered the Cape, after he had furnished me with a detachment of his garrison for the expedition to Rio de la Plata, it is to be found in the circumstance of his having reinforced General Beresford by a second detachment of his troops. This surely furnishes incontrovertible evidence that Sir David Baird considered the Cape in no danger from the weakness of his garrison, or means of defence; and shall I be condemned for availing myself of that aid which his superior judgment felt could be afforded with perfect safety?

"I am also charged with having left the Cape without the means of taking possession of any ships of the enemy which might have put into any of its bays or harbours, or any of the ports adjacent. Now, Sir, I submit to the consideration of this honourable court, whether, after the retreat of Willaumez's squadron from what may be called the Indian Seas, the reduction of the French naval force by Lord Nelson's glorious victory off Trafalgar, and the brilliant success of another gallant admiral, who rendered that victory still more complete, by the capture of every ship that had escaped from the former scene of action, there was the least probability of the arrival of any French ships of war at the Cape, or any of the bays or harbours in its vicinity? In fact, with the exception of one single frigate, mentioned in a letter to the admiralty, by Captain Styles, of the Adamant, no French ship whatever attempted to enter False Bay, or any other bay or harbours near the Cape.

"The Cannoniere affords a solitary instance of an enemy's ship attempting to shelter herself or to reconnoitre in those parts; and her arrival was a mere fortuitous event, of which it would

would not have been in my power to take advantage, even had I remained in Simon's Bay, with all the squadron; for the natural probability is, that as soon as she should discover from her mast-head our ships lying there, she would immediately make a precipitate retreat into the offing, without my being able to prevent her escape.

" Besides, at the time when I left the Cape, the winter season was about to commence, during which no ships can be in Table Bay with safety. Commodore Johnstone justly observed, when he was sent into those seas on a secret expedition, in 1781, it was deemed unadvisable by himself and General Meadows to attack the Cape in that season. No attack, indeed, on this settlement was to be apprehended from an enemy's force during the period in which I am charged with leaving the Cape exposed to attack and insult.

" Independently of these circumstances I would ask, how often has the Cape been without a single ship of war to assist in its defence during the time it was in possession of the British forces in the late war, and the flag of the naval commanding officer on the station left flying on board of a small vessel, scarcely capable of making any resistance? Indeed, in the immediate expectation of the arrival at the Cape of some men of war from England, I left an order, dated the 13th of April, 1806, addressed to any naval officer who might arrive there, and be junior to myself, by which order he or they were at perfect liberty either to remain at the Cape, or to follow me to the Rio de la Plata, as should appear most for the benefit of his majesty's service, after a consultation with Sir David Baird on the subject. If I am asked why I was so anxious to leave the Cape in such apparent haste, as not to wait for the arrival of the men of war from England, my answer is simply this; I was fearful that the delay in my departure from the Cape, added to the probable length of the passage from that promontory to the east coast of South America, might defeat the object of the expedition, by retarding my arrival in the Rio de la Plata, until that season, which, from the information I was possessed of respecting the navigation of this river, might render it impossible to sail up high enough to attack either of the settlements of Monte Video or Buenos Ayres.

" Another point to which I am desirous to call the attention of this honourable court is this, that from the manner in which the secretary of the admiralty replies to my letter of the 9th of April, wherein I apprized that board of my intended departure for the Rio de la Plata, for the purpose of attacking the Spanith possessions, I had a just right to suppose that the admiralty board did not disapprove of my having sailed with the squadron on that service; for certainly it is rational to infer, that some expression of their displeasure would have been in-

serted in Mr. Marsden's letter, acknowledging the receipt of mine of the date before-mentioned. Am I not, therefore, justified, Sir, in construing the silence observed on this head, as at least a tacit acknowledgement on the part of that board, which has now brought me to trial, for having undertaken the expedition against Buenos Ayres, without orders, that it did not then excite their dissatisfaction?

"But in truth, the importance which the admiralty now profess to attach to the Cape, seems extremely singular when contrasted with the opinion, which, from Mr. Marsden's letter to me of acknowledging the receipt of my account of its capture, they appeared to entertain of it; indeed, the tame, the cold terms of that letter, would naturally induce an idea, either that the admiralty thought the Cape of little value in itself, or that it was of no consequence, comparatively with the ultimate object of the expedition. Really estimating the Cape as it deserves, it would have been reasonable to infer from the letter, that the admiralty were aware of, and highly prized that ultimate object; but it is difficult to account for their conduct. When the acquisition was made, not one solitary expression of thanks was pronounced upon those to whom it was owing, and yet I am to be condemned for having exposed that acquisition even to imaginary hazard. The importance of the capture was passed over in silence when I might have been gratified; but it is loudly enhanced when the object is to depress me. Whence this difference? I leave it to your reflections, Gentlemen; I leave it to the reflections of my country.

"My letter of the 9th of April was received by the admiralty board in June last, and it was not 'till the end of August that Admiral Stirling sailed to supersede me, with an order of recal. If my conduct in having engaged in this enterprize had been really disapproved by his majesty's ministers, why, on their perusal of my dispatches, was not the admiralty board directed to send out a fast-sailing vessel to signify to me their disapprobation of my conduct in having sailed to attack the enemy without specific orders to that effect, by which means also, the visionary exposure of the Cape would have been of near three months less duration? No reason whatever can be assigned for their having kept me so long in such a state of anxious suspense, except, indeed, the uncertainty the British cabinet seems to have been in at the time, respecting the conduct to be pursued in the event of my enterprize being crowned with success, on account of the negociation then pending at Paris.—In truth, Sir, it is manifest, from every view of the conduct of the admiralty board, that at that time, they had no intention whatever to arraign me for this successful exercise of the discretionary power with which I maintain every commanding officer, on a distant station, is vested, and which he has a right

right to exert for the good of his country. The supercession I conceive was meant as the extreme measure of punishment.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH, Saturday, Feb. 28.

HOLMES *v.* WRIGHT.

THE plaintiff is the keeper of the White Horse Inn, Fetter-lane, London; the defendant is an attorney in the Temple.

This was an action for board and provisions.

Mr. Garrow said, that the defendant came to the inn of the plaintiff, and desired that certain persons who accompanied him, to the number of five or six, might be supplied with all that was necessary; at the same time giving his name, and the place of his residence. Accommodations were in consequence given to these people, the expence of which amounted to 34l. What reason the defendant could have for resisting the charge, the learned counsel could form no idea: he had taken upon himself the responsibility, and he must pay for it.—The witnesses proved the facts.

Sir Vicary Gibbs said, that the persons to whom the accommodations had been given were witnesses in a cause, in which a gentleman of the name of Burton was concerned, and whose servants they were. Mr. Burton's agent had refused to pay this bill; it therefore became necessary for Mr. Wright to defend the action, in order that he might enforce the discharge of it. The gentlemen of the jury would observe, on inspecting the bill of Mr. Holmes, that the expence was nearly 10s. 6d. a day for each person, which was too much for people in a menial capacity.

Lord Ellenborough.—" The defendant has no interest in this action: his object is to have the amount ascertained. The plaintiff knew the description of persons he received; their condition in life was announced to him, and he ought to have provided for them in a manner suited to their circumstances. The gentlemen of the jury will see that the bill is full of charges which ought not to be introduced, such as wine, tarts, and other articles of luxury."

Verdict 25l. 4s.

SYSTEM

SYSTEM *of* SPIES, *in* FRANCE.

ENGLISHMEN will read with surprise, as they ought exultingly to contrast with it their own situation even at this day, the account given in the letters of a "Belgian Traveller," of the state of society under the government of Napoleon!—The spies all over France (says this writer), we were assured, amounted to near a million, and were divided into twelve different classes.

1st, The court spies, or courtiers, employed by Bonaparte to watch his wife, brothers, sisters, grand dignitaries, and other courtiers about him.

2d, Military spies; these were generals, officers, and even soldiers, engaged to report the actions and conversations of their superiors or equals.

3d, Diplomatic spies; of these many were foreigners, some secretaries, others servants in the confidence or engaged about the foreign ambassadors at Paris.

4th, Office spies. These were *chefs de bureaux*, or clerks in the offices of ministers, some senators in the senate, some counsellors of state in the privy council, some legislators, some tribunes, some judges, and even some members of the national institute, who reported regularly to the emperor what was suspicious or seditious in the manners or language of their colleagues, of their superiors or inferiors.

5th, Financial spies. These were employed about the stock exchange, at the bank, or in the counting-houses of stock-brokers and bankers, and gave in an account of their principal transactions.

6th, Commercial spies. These acted with regard to merchants and manufacturers, as the financial spies did with regard to brokers and bankers.

7th, Fashionable spies. These were men of insinuating address, and of an elegant dress and deportment, who frequented all fashionable parties; who had themselves their dinner and supper parties, their routs and balls.

8th, Theatrical spies. These had free admittance into all theatres and green-rooms, inspected and reported the conduct of the performers, of the authors, as well as that of the audience.

9th, Gambling-house spies. Their head quarters were at gambling tables, and in lottery offices.

10th, Coffee house and public gardens' spies. They were stationary in all hotels, coffee-houses, and gardens. Under their department were also all public or private brothels, restaurateurs, and eating-houses.

11th,

11th, Street spies. These not only reported what occurred in the streets, but tried, by the aid of servants, to insinuate themselves into private families.

12th, Travelling spies. These were never still, or remained in one place, but passed most of their time in diligencies and stage coaches; at ordinaries and inns much resorted to by travellers. One of this last class, I suppose, informed against the officers at Abbeville, and against others at Autun.

Besides these, our narrator said that numbers of private and of female spies, were registered at the police. The former surrounded men in high stations, or individuals of great talents; the latter watched their fathers, their husbands, their lovers, their brothers, and their friends.

Of these spies some are regularly paid, but the greater numbers are persons who either obtain their livelihood by terrifying individuals, and extort contributions in making themselves known as police agents, as they are styled by courtesy, and by selling their protection to girls of the town, and petty offenders; or such whose trade cannot be exercised without a licence or present from the police minister, who never grants it them before they take the oath of espionage, and inscribe their names among the spies.

Inscription on the Tomb of the late Margrave of Anspach,

Written by her Serene Highness the Margravine.

IN
the year
1806,
on the 5th of January,
DIED,
the most excellent of men,
the most merciful sovereign,
the best of princes,
the most dutiful and affectionate son,
the kindest husband, and the most faithful friend,
CHRISTIAN CHARLES ALEXANDER
FREDERIC,
margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bareith,
duke of Prussia,
comte of Sayn.
His remains are deposited in the vault belonging to
Benham-house, in this church.
His widow who had the bliss for fifteen years, to watch over his virtues, as his wife, places here this inscription, that the

living may endeavour to attain one of the many excellent qualities that were united in his person, and that posterity may know that a sovereign prince preferred a private life to the pomp of courts; and, having no heirs to his principalities, adopted, as his child,

AN ENGLISH WOMAN;

over whose conduct, and through life, he watched with the fondness of a parent, 'till she became his wife, and, from his high opinion of her conduct to HER children, purchased Benham-house, and made her a present of it, together with the park.

He expired in that place, to the regret of every one who had the honour of his acquaintance.

Oh, thou! whose cares with angels rest!
Whose gentle sway once fill'd my breast,
Whose kindness sooth'd a mother's heart,
The peace possess'd by thee impart!
Bless'd shade! thy radiant smile bestow
On her whose tears incessant flow:
Whose life, should this sad pray'r be vain,
Must prove, alas! a life of pain!

ELIZABETH.

REFLECTIONS *on* DEATH.

THERE is something in the death of a good man, which the atheist must wonder at, and admire; such a one dying cool and collected, trusting and believing at a moment when the truth is sought with eagerness, and prejudice forsaken with disgust, is a confirmation of the existence of an immortality, not to be resisted. At the awful hour, when vanities retreat, and right and wrong open with full conviction on the mind, it is a pure ray of heavenly intelligence that lights the soul, like the star of Bethlehem, to that point which the anxious and departing spirit seeks with trembling and fear, an hereafter.

When we reflect on what very little longer time we have to live, and that, measure it to its most probable extremity, it will scarcely arrive to forty or fifty years, it becomes us to consider in time, a subject which will, in spite of all opposition, force itself upon the mind when we are about to part with life; and the time of health is the most proper seriously to prepare for our closing scene.

MILD WINTERS.

THE extreme mildness of the winter now terminated has given occasion to a German journalist to compare it with other winters not less remarkable for their clemency. In 1299, says he, the winter was so warm, that at Christmas and New Years-day the young girls at Cologne wore wreaths of violets, corn-flowers, and primroses. In 1420, the trees flowered in March, and the vines in April. In the same month ripe cherries were gathered, as were good grapes in the month of May. The winter of 1538 was so mild, that flowers were seen in the garden both in December and January. In 1572, all the trees budded in January, and the birds built their nests in the following month. The same phenomenon was observed in 1585, when wheat was in ear at Easter. In the winters of 1607, 1609, 1617, and 1659, there was neither frost nor snow. Lastly, in 1622, the month of January was so warm, even in the north of Germany, that no fire was made in the stoves, and all the trees were in full bloom in February.

Some interesting observations, by a gentleman of the name of Williams, on the climate of Britain, will be found in the 112th page of our present volume.

PUBLIC-HOUSE LICENCES.

IN his charge to the grand jury, at the last Lincoln assizes, Baron Graham observed, "that licences to public-houses were much too indiscriminately granted; and that to this cause might, in some degree, be attributed the vitiated state of public morals, and the prevalence of crimes. Indolence and drunkenness, of which ale-houses were the hot-beds, were the harbingers of every other vice. The greatest care was necessary in the selection of persons to whom licenses were granted, that they should be persons of rather an exemplary life.

"A reform in this particular was essential, and was practicable. It ought to be, and he had the happiness to know it was, in some districts, carried to that pitch, that the victualler would use a virtuous discretion when his guest had lost it, and would refuse to allow a labourer or a mechanic to spend at a sitting what was the dependence of a wife and family for a week. That restraint, however, was in too many instances wanted, where it was not at hand; and the consequence was, that vice and penury, or the claims of a distressed family, drove many poor wretches to the commission of heinous offences, which, but for the miseries entailed by drunkenness, they would have shuddered to contemplate."

Answer, by M. N. to J. Woodman's Rebus, inserted January 12.

TO PARDON sin to God belongs;
His mercies praise in grateful songs.

*** Similar accounts have been received from J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; P. Codd, and R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; W. D. of Bristol; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; and Rusticus, of Awliscombe.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to Somebody's Charade, inserted January 19.

ON Neptune's realm, where winds and seas combine,
Brave DUCKWORTH's deeds conspicuously do shine;
Long may he ride triumphant o'er the deep,
Free from invading foes this isle to keep;
And teach the foe that Britons still will reign
The monarchs solely of the raging main.

*** Similar answers have been received from B. Belcher, and J. Ryan, of East Stonehouse; J. Whitnell, of Street J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; W. D. of Bristol; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. Tucker, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; W. Commins, J. C Cooke, H. Ellis, H. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; J. Lewis, and H. Easter, of Poole; M P. Moyle, of Marazion J. Salter, of Broadhembury; R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; Palemon, of Flushing; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; J. Medland, of St. Budeaux; G. A. F. A. of Petherton; R. Trewavas; E G. of Totnes; W. M. of Gluvias; J. F of Curry Rivel; J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes; E. B. R. of Bridgewater; R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

A CHARADE, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

YE fav'rite, rhyming bards, you'll first sit down,
A modern hero, found of great renown;
My next, where heroes swell with pride and rage,
And arm'd battalions fearlessly engage;
Detested whole! pure Christians dread that name,
Where suff'ring martyrs fed devouring flame.

An ENIGMA, *by H. Stoneman, of Exeter.*

PATIENCE, kind Sirs, 'till I my tale have told,
For to the world my grief I will unfold;
Tell such a tale of woe, and usage ill,
That must sweet pity in your breast instill;

First then I'm thrown into a dungeon deep,
On which bright Phœbus never deigns to peep:
There I remain, striving by night and day,
To gain a sight of his all-cheering ray:
Which, with great striving, I effect and gain,
Into the haunts of my tormentors. men:
Glad of the freedom I have thus effected,
I'm guillottin'd, and after that dissected;
But stop—of woes I'll be no more complaining,
I've said enough for you to tell my meaning.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SIMPLICITY.

LOVELY goddess! nature's child!
Breathe thy spirit, ever mild;
Inspiration with thee bring,
On thy soft and blushing wing;
Sweetly teach my humble muse,
Thine enchanting track to chuse.

In the windings of a wood,
'Neath an oak her dwelling stood;
Here repos'd the blooming fair,
A stranger to the stings of care;
Either side the threshold grew
Woodbines of delightful hue;
Minionets crept o'er the floor;
Laurel green adorn'd the door;
Aged oaks their branches spread,
O'er a riv'let's pebbled bed;
Mean'ring ran the gentle stream,
Adding softness to the scene;

Flowing robes of spotless white,
Ever charming, ever bright,
Hid her sweet, enchanting form,
Soft as autumn's mildest morn;
Myrtle tresses bound her head,
Woven with carnation's red;
O'er her iv'ry bosom hung
Berries from the hawthorn strung;
Round her seat the lambkins play'd,
Learning meekness from the maid.

Charming nymph! I love thee well,
Come, and in my bosom dwell;
Fairest of thy sisters fair,
Come, and now my bosom share;
There expand thy gentle fires,
Fill my breast with mild desires;
Bid each warring passion cease,
Wrap my mind in gentle peace.

Camborne. J. B.

BRYAN *and* PEREENE.

A WEST INDIAN BALLAD.

[Founded on a real Fact, in the Island of St. Christopher's]

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leap'd overboard.

Pereene,

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought would ever stray,
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan was both tall and strong,
Right blithsome roll'd his een;
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true?
Such charms the old world never saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the signal he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions, one and all,
Rejoicing, crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then thro' the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit thro' his waist:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd; his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids! I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she falls, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
Her hapless fate 'scape you.

ADVICE.

STILL put thy trust in God, to man be just,
Nor let thy mind be given up to lust.